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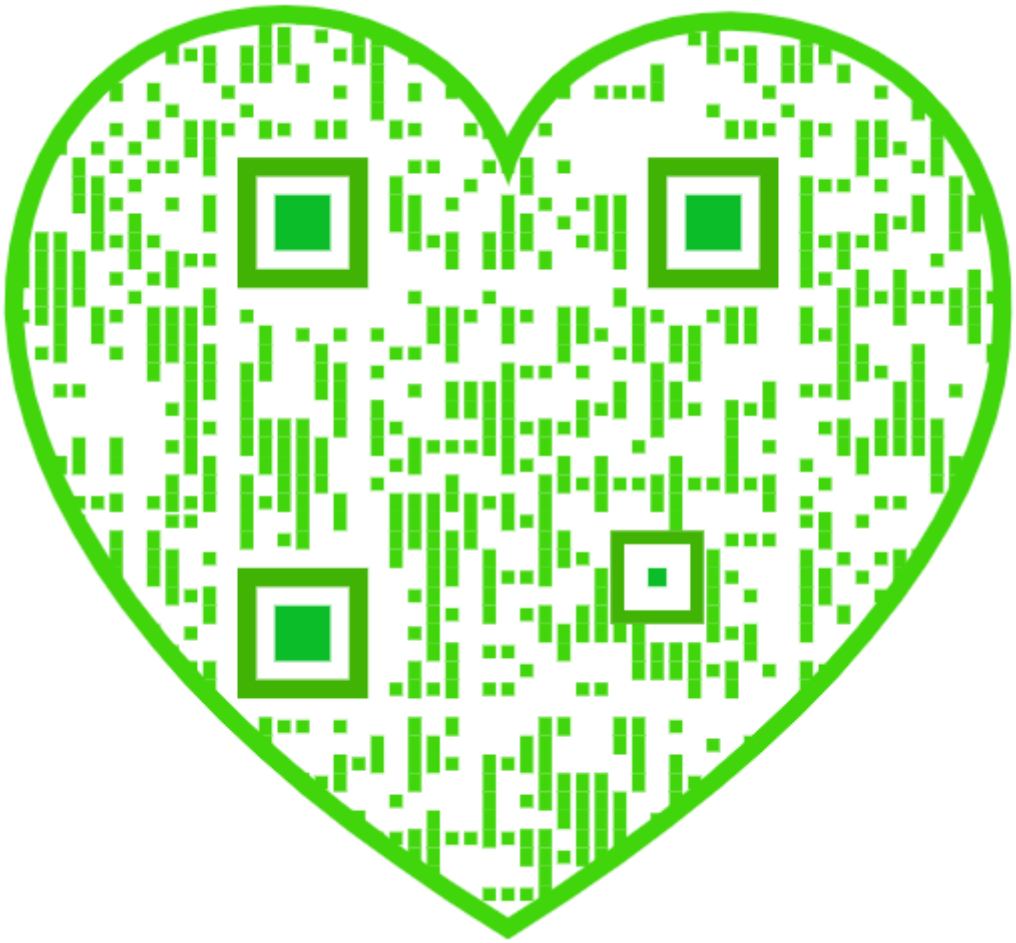
CHRISTMAS-DAY ANTHEM

Smith



CHRISTMAS-DAY ANTHEM.

BY

SARA HENDERSON SMITH.

"And, as the angels were gone away from them into Heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass."—LUKE ii. 15.

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1885

VISION of glory
In ancient story,
Lives there a legend
So simple, so grand;
Heaven's pearly gates unbarred,
Forth sweeps an angel guard
Pausing, where lowly men
Wondering stand.

Mission celestial
Sent to terrestrial
Beings, why rest not
Where kings may adore!
No royal state is here—
No marshalled hosts appear—
Only the shepherds near
Jordan's famed shore.

Now through the midnight air
Rings a tone sweet and clear,
"This day to you is born
Saviour and King"
Scarce housed in Bethlehem,
Uncrowned with gold or gem,
Fear not your tribute
Of worship to bring.

Cherub and Seraphim
Swell the grand choral hymn,
"Glory to God on High,
Peace to earth given."
Upward they float again,
Wafting the triumph strain,
Nought left to man, save
The star-studded heaven.

Then no delaying,
Only obeying ;
" Onward to Bethlehem,"
They said, " Let us go,
There seek the manger
That shelters the stranger,
Loftier than infant
That palaces know."

Now they have found Him,
Kneeling around Him,
Blessed babe—blessed mother—
Their Lord they adore,
So in our hearts may we
Such welcome render Thee,
Jesus Emmanuel,
King Evermore.

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